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THE

Penitent Prisoner,

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CHARACTER,

Carriage upon his Commitment,

LETANY,

Proper Prayers,

Serious Meditations,

SIGHS,

Occasional Ejaculations,

Devotion going to Execution, and at
the place of Execution.

By a Friend to the Souls in Prison.

L O N D O N,
Printed for John Williams, at the Crown,
in Cross Keys Court in Little
Brittain, 1675.

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H I S

Character.

HE is one, who although he confess himself to have been *seduc't* by his Lusts, and *intic't* by evil Company; yet being under *restraint* (according to the *merit* of his Crime) he makes a *Pulpit* of his Prison to *Preach* to him Repentance; a *Sermon* of his shackles to teach him his *Service*; He turns his *Gaole* into a Shop to traffick for Heaven; and into an *Exchange* of all Devotions that may gain him *Salvation*. For being entred into *Prison* (after he hath sometime *look't* about him, and sees *nothing* but *thick* walls, *strong* barrs, a *dark* room, and *no* way to escape,) he begins *thus* to word it, For *conviction* he knows must go before *Conversion*. Lord! *where* am I? *what* have I done? *How* hath the iniquity of my *hands* and *heels* hamper'd me? *How* have I *drunk* down iniquity like *water*, *drawn* sin as with a Cart rope! *How* like a *wretch* have I night and day *tug'd* at the Devils oare, *grinded* at his Mill, *dig'd* in his Mine, *run* on his errands,

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not only *acted* sin, but *contrived* it, sinned with a *high* hand, and *haughty* heart! Oh the *bitter* fruit of those things whereof I am *now* ashamed! *what* gravel in my stomach do I find that *stollen* bread to be *now*, which once went down so *sweetly*! Into *what* a *Labyrinth* of misery hath the following of the *motions* of my *vile* Lusts led me! How have I by my *many* and *grievous* sins, *dishonour'd* my God, *saddened* the Holy Angels, *sham'd* my Christian profession, *damag'd* my neighbour, *wounded* my own conscience, *troubled* my spirit, and *given large* earnest for my *everlasting* ruine! Methinks I hear it *said* in my eares, as if spoken from the *battlements* of Heaven, Let *no* man *oppress*, or *defraud* his Brother, for the *Lord* is the avenger of *all* such, 1 *Thes.* 4. 6. So *Rom.* 1. 18. The *wrath* of God is revealed from Heaven against *all* *ungodliness*, and *unrighteousness* of men; where then shall I appear, being in so *sad*, so *miserable* a Condition? of *whom* may I *seek* for *succour* but of *thee*, O *Lord*, who for my *sins* art *justly* *displeased*? yet O God
most

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most Holy, O Lord most mighty, O Holy and merciful Saviour, deliver me not into the bitter pains of eternal death; Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of my heart, shut not up thy merciful eares to my prayers, but spare me Lord, most Holy; O God most mighty, O Holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy judge eternal, suffer me not for any pains of death to fall from thee. Look upon the wounds in thy hands, and have mercy upon me the work of thy hands.

O give me a praying, that thou maist afford me a pittying heart.

His Letany.

O God, the Father of Heaven have mercy upon me, Keep, and defend me from that roaring Lion, that goes about seeking whom he may devour.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy upon me, Save, and deliver me from the wrath to come.

O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son, have mercy up-

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on me, strengthen and comfort me in this my present calamitous condition.

O Holy, Blessed, and Glorious Trinity, three Persons, and one God, have mercy upon, me.

Remember not, Lord, the sins of my youth, nor of my maturer growth, but spare me, Good Lord, spare thy poor creature (not worthy to be called thy Servant) and be not angry with me for ever.

From sin, from the crafts and assaults of the Devil, and from thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation,

Good Lord deliver me.

From mispending the few moments I have to live, from hardness of heart, and contempt of good counsel, that shall be given me,

Good Lord deliver me.

In the time of this my present distress and Tribulation, in the hour of my approaching death, and in the day of Judgment,

Good Lord deliver me.

I a poor Prisoner, and sorrowful sinner, do beseech thee to hear me, O Lord, That it may

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may please thee to give me thy Grace to condemn my self, that I may not be condemn'd, and to judge my self, that I may not be judged.

That I may bring forth fruits worthy of Repentance.

That I may take a Holy revenge on my self, judging my self not worthy of a mouthful of fresh aire, or a morsel of meat, who have abused thy good creatures as I have done.

That I may not give sleep to my eyes, nor slumber to my eye lids, nor suffer the Temples of my head to take any rest, until I have unfeignedly endeavoured to make my peace with thee.

That thou wouldst give me true Repentance, which may appear by my making restitution (as much as in me lyes) to those whom I have wronged.

That thou wouldst forgive all my sins, of what nature and quality soever, and endow me with the grace of thy Holy spirit, to make a sanctified use of this sad Dispensation of thy providence.

Son of God I beseech thee to hear me.

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*O thou Lamb of God that takest away the
sins of the world, have mercy upon me.*

*O thou Lamb of God that takest away the
sins of the world,*

Grant me thy peace.

Lord have mercy upon me.

Christ have mercy upon me.

Lord have mercy upon me.

Our Father which art in Heaven, &c.

O Lord deal not with me after my sins.

Neither reward me after my iniquities.

*O God, merciful Father, who despisest not
the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire
of such as be sorrowful, mercifully assist me
in these my Prayers that I make unto
thee in this my present trouble and ad-
versity, and grant that I whose consci-
ence by sin is accused, by thy merciful par-
don may be absolv'd, through Jesus Christ my
Lord and only Saviour. Amen.*

*O God whose Nature and property is ever
to have mercy, and to forgive, receive my
humble petitions, and though I be tyed,
and bound with the chains of my sins (Fet-
ters worse than those of Iron that are
upon me) Yet let the pittifulness of thy
great*

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great mercy loose me, for the honor of Jesus Christ his sake my Mediator and Advocate. Amen.

His Sighs.

O that my *head* were waters, and my *eyes* a Fountain of *tears*, that I might lament *day* and *night*, the sins that I have committed against *so* good, and *so* great a God, *so* often, and *so* hainously as I have done !

Oh *wretched* man that I am, who shall deliver me from this *body* of death !

I have *sinned*, what shall I do unto thee, O thou *preserver* of men ?

O that as the *Hart* pants after the water Brooks, so my *soul* might pant after thee O God !

O that I could be *ten thousand* times more *contrite*, and *humble* in heart than I am !

His Serious Meditation.

Is any *Gaol* like the *Dungeon* of Hell ?
Are

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Are any *Keepers* like Fiends? Is there any *burning* like that *fire*? Any *biting* like that *worm*? Any *shame* of face like to the *confusion* of face before *men* and *Angels*? Can any *loss* on Earth equal the *loss* of Heaven? Or *Banishment* from *Friends*, a *Banishment* from God and his *Holy Angels*? To *dwell* in utter darkness where there is *no* light, amidst infinite *torture*, where there is *no* ease, and that to *all* eternity. Lord, *this* will be my portion without thy *mercy*. O Lord, have *mercy* upon me according to thy *loving* kindness, according to the *multitude* of thy tender *Compassions* blot out all my transgressions. Draw a red *streak* with the *blood* of my Redeemer over all the foul *Characters* of my sins: Especially, forgive (here he mentions with utmost aggravation the *sin* or *sins* that most trouble his conscience.) One deep calls upon another, the *deep* of my misery on the *deep* of thy mercy. O Lord, *hear*, and consider O Lord, and *do* it, for my *spirit* waxeth faint.

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His Occasional Ejaculations.

When *arraign'd* at the Barr he thus *piously* ejaculates; O the time when we shall *all* appear before the *Judgment seat* of Christ!

Upon the *sight* of a fire or *flame* of a Candle he thus words it:

O *who* amongst us can *dwell* with devouring fire, who amongst us can *dwell* with everlasting burnings!

Upon the Jailors Locking him in.

He thinks on the *dismalness* of being *shut out* of Heaven, and *into* Hell.

Upon hearing his leud Companions to Swear and Curse.

Wo is *me* that I am constrain'd to *dwell* in this *Hell* upon Earth, and to have my Habitation among *such* vile persons.

Upon

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Upon the sight of that pittance of meat and
drink allotted him.

Lord, I am not *worthy* of the least crumb that *falls* from the table of thy *bounty*, being so great a rebel, as I have been to thee.

Upon his being bound in the Cart.

He thinks upon that *evil* Servant to whom it was said, *Bind him hand and foot*, and cast him into *utter* darkness.

When he hears the passing Bell go for him.

He thinks he *hears* the sound of the *last* Trump *summoning* him to arise and come to Judgment.

His Devotion as he is going to Execution.
O Saviour of the World save me, who by thy cross and precious blood hast redeemed me, help me I beseech thee, O God.

O let the *sorrowful* sighing of me a *poor* Prisoner come before thee, and by the *greatness* of thy power preserve thou me, who am going to die a *shameful* temporal death, Lord, preserve me from that *death* which is eternal.

O shew *some* token upon me for *good*, that the *Devil*, who watcheth for my *soul*,
may

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may see it, and be *asham'd*, because thou Lord hast *holpen* and *comforted* me.

O thou that didst *save* the *penitent* Thief on the *cross*, have *mercy* upon me a *miserable malefactor*.

O *deliver* me for I am *helpless*, and *poor*, and my heart is *wounded* within me.

Though my *flesh* and my *heart* fail, yet be thou the *strength* of my heart, and my *portion* for ever.

His Devotion at the Place of Execution.

Lord be not *far* from me, now *trouble* is near at hand.

Now, now Lord *Jesus*, save from *eternal* death my *poor* sinful soul which thou didst *purchase* with thy blood.

O God make *speed* to *save* me.

O Lord make *haste* to *help* me.

Save me, *dear* *Jesus*, by thy *merits*, and take my trembling *departing* soul to thy *mercy*.

Lord *Jesus* receive my *Spirit*.

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The Prayer of one committed to Prison for
destroying her Child.

O Almighty God, Father of *mercy*
and God of all *Consolation*: have
mercy upon me a grievous sinner; who
having not the fear of thee my God be-
fore my eyes, have made away with my
Child; O blessed Saviour, who when thou
took'st upon thee to deliver man, did'st not
abhor the Virgins womb, compassionate
me, who have cruelly destroy'd the fruit of
my womb: although for this I am afflicted on
every side, yet suffer me not to be distressed,
though in want of some of thy comforts, yet
not of all; though chastened, yet not forsak-
en; though cast down, yet suffer me not
utterly to perish. Sprinkle me with Hyssop
dip't in the blood of that immaculate Lamb
Christ Jesus, and I shall be clean, wash
me, and I shall be whiter than Snow. O
let the blood of Jesus be heard above the
cry of my crying sin, spare me good Lord,
spare me a sorrowful sinner and be not
angry with me for ever. Amen.

The

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The Prayer of one committed to Prison for
Further, and under the Sentence of Con-
demnation.

Almighty God, the aid of all that
need, the helper of all that flee to
thee for succour; *I the vilest of sinners, and
the worst of men, for such have I made my
self by my sins, do here passionately beseech
thee to have mercy upon me a bloody sinner.*
O deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God,
thou God of my Salvation, so shall my Tongue
sing aloud of thy Righteousness. The remem-
brance of this my sin is grievous unto me,
the burthen of it is intolerable: Have
mercy upon me O Lord, have mercy upon
me, who repent with as lowly a spirit, as
ever I sinned with a high hand, Lord help
my unrepentance. And when Justice shall
lay my blood upon my own head, let the
blood of Jesus Christ be on it too. Into thy
hands I now commend my soul, into thy
hands do thou then receive it, O blessed
Jesus, be thou then a Jesus to me. Amen.

F I N I S.



